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Denmark Is Worried

AT LEAST one nation theoretically benefiting from restoration of stolen lands is feeling and expressing embarrassment at the generous justness of the Allies.

This is Denmark. Denmark, you remember, lost Schleswig and Holstein to the wiles of Bismarck, and the Allies decreed that Schleswig should have a plebiscite in three divisions, north, middle and south, or the first, second and third zones, by which to express their glad preference for Danish rule.

Now Holstein is thoroughly German; the third zone of Schleswig is more or less German; the second zone is more Danish than German and the first zone is wholly Danish. Naturally the Schleswigers of the upper zones are eager to return to Denmark; it would be supposed that Denmark would be as overjoyed to recover them as France was to regain Alsace and Lorraine.

Not at all. Of course Denmark is politely glad to welcome back the exiled Danes of Schleswig, but Denmark does not wax enthusiastic about it, and every time Denmark has occasion to express her gratitude to the Allies it is done so very courteously as to give rise to the opinion that the Danes want to be polite and say the right thing—but nothing more. Their acknowledgments are complimentary but not spontaneous.

Now, the first zone will in all likelihood vote for Denmark, and the third for Germany; the second zone is the important one, because it contains the flourishing port of Flensburg, where the Germans are in a great majority, and which port they intend, if they retain it, to make a formidable competitor of Copenhagen.

Here enters the curious phase. The Germans in the third zone call across to the Danes and Germans of the second zone: "Very well. Vote as you please. But, remember, if we ever come back—"

And that is exactly the attitude adopted in Denmark. The Danes' slogan is: "We are a very small nation." They are, of course. Denmark is comfortable, prosperous, busy; they don't give a snap of the fingers for expansion and if they love their brethren of Schleswig they love their safety more. As they look at it, Germany will, or may, some day be a considerable power. If this should happen, it would be very inconvenient to have a resurrected Germany feel vengeful toward such a near and such a small and weak nation as the Danes. Why provoke trouble?

Of course if the League of Nations functions properly, Denmark's fears are baseless; but when the big powers quibble over the League how can the little powers hold their faith in it?

A Glorious Word

CHAULMOOGRA is a word dropped into the English dictionary years ago, and then left unnoticed by the hurrying throng. No one ever expected such a looking word to be treated with distinction. No one ever expected such a word to act friendly. But now comes news from Hawaii, indicating that Chaulmoogra is likely to be one of the most popular words in civilized society, especially in the Orient.

Chaulmoogra was first the name given by some East Indians to some queer trees. They were not good for food nor meant for fire. But they bore strange seeds. And long ago, in recorded time, some one learned that the heart of these seeds secreted an oil which relieved leprosy. As we would say, the oil was a deadly specific to destroy the life of the leprosy bacillus. Down the ages leprosy had eaten its way, multiplying in every land its devouring infection. Down the

ages had also come the seeds of the Chaulmoogra, with their Chaulmoogra oil. But the knowledge was imperfect, and many years were passed in idle regret that "leprosy is incurable."

Then suddenly the idleness of the years was broken. The knowledge of the centuries was focused in a single great human achievement. Twenty lepers were paroled as cured the other day from an Hawaiian leper colony. Their blood had been examined by analysis and by microscope. Their frames showed scars of the plague's ravage, but their blood flowed pure as the blood of children.

What had done it? Chaulmoogra oil. Dr. A. L. Dean, president of the University of Hawaii, has invented a refining process which brings out the oil from the seed in its pure state, prepared to blight the leprosy bacilli out of a body, but to leave the body. The two great foes, long isolated though known, have been brought together for the common safety of man. The result is that an enemy to man which has dogged his steps from India to the Arctic, has met its first defeat. It is to be prayerfully desired that the reverse may be continued until leprosy is driven from the earth.

And if this is done, it will be the work of Chaulmoogra. Wonderful word! Beautiful name of a beautiful work! Word charged with the vitalizing glory of sunshine over tropical forests, with the power of the irresistible light of noon on the dark festering jungle of life! Chaulmoogra! Obscure specific, humble tree, known but not honored, how typical it is of other specifics which must exist to cure the social and the moral ills of life, but specifics which are not yet concentrated and made potent to destroy the evils among us. Every evil, every wrong, has its Chaulmoogra!

The Turkish Tragedy

"A VICTORY of the Allies would sound our death-knell" was the slogan of the Turkish Government, when that military and dynastic overlord of subject peoples swung to the side of Germany in the Great War.

Is there any man living who has seen the text of the Allied treaty with Turkey? Is there any man in the world, outside certain groups, who knows if there exists any such treaty? Is there any man, outside the same groups, who has ever heard a frank declaration of Allied policy toward the millions of souls and vast, rich lands which were alike subject to the Sultan, in 1914?

We are hardened to tales of sufferings and the story of a fresh Armenian massacre scarcely stirs us now. If it does stir us, it stirs us chiefly to surprise. "Wasn't all that fixed up at Versailles?" we ask, in astonishment. "Of course it was. It must be somebody's business to be attending to all that."

Well, good, trustful people, it was not all fixed up at Versailles, and if it is Somebody's business to be looking after all that, they are making it a very, very private business indeed.

The whole problem of Turkey and Asia Minor, with Syria, Armenia, Arabia and all contingent lands, is a deep mystery of the Conference. The best the public can get is rumor first that this power is disputing with that power over "spheres of influence," which, interpreted, means the split of the swag. Then there is the comforting assurance that matters have been adjusted. On what basis, the public is not informed. But the public can take it for the truth that the basis is not solely the basis of the wishes of the subject peoples concerned.

From the first day at Versailles, the Allied attitude toward Turkey and Turkey's subjects has been veiled in obscurity. It is a black travesty of the ideals President Wilson fought for, and an ironic joke on the hopes of men for a new era of world justice. If the Allied intention toward these peoples is fair and just, it can stand publicity. If that intention is not fair and just, then it must, and in time will, have publicity, and the result will recoil on the plotters.

In stripping Germany and chastening Austria, all were welcome to pitch in; nations even were willing to let their supposed ambitions be dissolved by the steady sun of the Wilson idealism for justice. Why not? They had Asia Minor to split up between themselves; and no one, except those of the inner rings, knows precisely what was done.

What the world does know is this: the balance sheet on the Turkish question is long overdue. If the members of the Allied concern do not show speedily a willingness to publish its statement, the public may decide to do its own auditing.

While the Turkish tragedy is permitted, with its sordid phase of discredited Ottomans at one end and the piteous picture of outraged Armenians at the other, peace—real peace—cannot come to the world.

When Women Rule

JUSTICE DARLING, of the London divorce court, declares that newer laws may reverse entirely the ancient regulations, by which a man was supposed to control his household. The man may be ruled by the wife. "For a man at the present time to tell his wife what she ought to do, might well be to hold him up to public ridicule and contempt," he declared.

Parliaments and senates have not passed any laws as yet to alter human nature. Despite all predictions about what laws will do, as many of us as live until 2019 will see what we now see: ill-used and well-used wives, ill-used and well-used husbands, spoiled wives, hen-pecked husbands, wives that cling to you and wives that throw plates at you.

Despite all the regulations of the past, our grandfathers knew their share of women that ran the household and the barn and the chicken coop as well. Despite all the militant suffragists and their activities, some women will still be clinging vines, even if a suffrage law declared that they are free and independent oaks.

One thing the adoption of universal suffrage and laws of equality for women will do: it will make it easier for the really-fit person in a matrimonial partnership to conduct that partnership. The man and the woman will each have the prestige and the standing which they win and earn as husband or wife. And it is no news that women will rule in many homes, and control the household. A certain number of women have done this, ever since Samuel Skinclolthes rented a cave for self and wife from X. Q. Troglodyte.

Justice Darling's words seem to hint that the newer laws will not work harmoniously. First of all, it must be said in return that any new law can work as well as the old laws. It will not make people any more unhappy than under the old program. Instead, it will make a number of people much happier, if enabling each family effects its own adjustment, as indeed most open-visioned families are doing now. Thus we can record and establish definitely all the principles of home life which already prevail in homes, varied in each house by the unwritten spiritual constitution of that household.

Costs

LOUD murmurs of indignation filled the chambers of the German National Assembly. It had been announced that 3,000,000,000 marks must be raised each year to maintain Entente armies of occupation and control commissions.

Three billion marks is a mighty sum for a nation which needs money for so many causes. But the German republic has begun too late to reckon on the cost. These three billion marks are not entirely a mere cost of occupation of Germany. They are part of the price which Germany must pay for her occupation of Belgium, for the occupation of Germany itself is part of that price.

The German people might have paused while their troops were roaring and roystering through Belgium. They might have shrunk from the cost of such an orgy of military intoxication. For the presentation, to the present German Government of heavy taxes for armies of occupation, is like asking a man who has sobered up to pay for damages wrought while he was stupidly drunk.

The armies did not want to be in Germany. They do not wish to stay in Germany. In fact, most soldiers do not want to be soldiers anyway. But Germany brought these soldiers upon herself, when she bowed her head to Junker rule. She brought on her people the distrust which has resulted in this prolonged and systematic occupation. She made the meekest of nations suspicious, and the gentlest of nations implacable. So these 3,000,000,000 marks are not to be paid now merely for the French and Belgian occupation of Germany. They are paid, indirectly but inevitably, for the German invasion of Belgium. And she will continue to pay in many ways for that occupation, long after the Entente armies are removed from Germany, and the 3,000,000,000 marks budget for their maintenance is a memory.

In truth the only place where there were classes was on Olympus—and that mount was a myth.

The battles we fight with others are nothing to the battles we should fight with ourselves.

We are a rich nation today because we have supplied most of our wants ourselves.

Imitation may be a sincere form of flattery, but it is never a means to success.

A good Samaritan is one who can see human merits as readily as defects.